

THE
DEATH OF ADAM.

A
TRAGEDY.

IN THREE ACTS.

From the German of

MR. K L O P S T O C K.

Dubium facientia carmina palmam.

L O N D O N :

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DEATH OF A DUEL



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P R E F A C E.

THE Ancients have been unjustly dealt with by their admirers, as well as opposers; the first have been studious to find a merit which is not in them, and the latter to depreciate that which is evidently their characteristic. It has been well observed concerning religious affairs, that the hypocrisy of one age makes way for the atheism of the next; and it is equally true in the state of letters, that classical bigotry is succeeded by classical infidelity. To have supposed any thing less than perfection in a Greek author, would have formerly been censured as downright blasphemy, and the whole tribe of commentators, *virī clarissimi obscurissimique*, would have thundered out anathemas, like a modern Apollo, *quasi ex cathedrâ*: and to speak of them now with any deference at all, must incur the imputation of villainous pedantry, with the mob of gentlemen who have read and despised them in the faithless translations of the French, and passed their critical judgment on the originals, from the prose versions of a spiritless unpoetical translator.

It must be owned, nevertheless, that the greatest hurt which the antient dramatic writers have received, has been from their *professed* friends; whose blind zeal has led them into servile imitations, and made them content to copy nature at second-hand, not daring to trust their fancy with one flight out of the pale of antiquity. An absurdity not to be equalled; except by the painter who affirmed, that, in order to paint a good tree, it was not necessary that the artist should ever have seen one, provided he was conversant with the inimitable designs of POUSSIN.

To this affected admiration of the Greeks, we owe those laboured and jejune things called tragedies on the antient plan. A plan which it as ill becomes a modern to attempt, as if he were to walk the streets of London in the habit of an Athenian.

Imitations of this kind rather betray a poverty of genius, than any superior faculties of judgment; while taste, as it is called, affectedly endeavours to stuff out the thinness of invention, by the strange unnatural assistance of chorus, which is by no means the most striking part in the antient drama, and, in the modern, little better than the *purpureus pannus* of HORACE awkwardly sewed on; nor of any other service than to introduce some ready made odes of

declamatory and descriptive poetry, But this absurdity has of late undergone many improvements. The English language has learnt to halt upon Grecian feet, and poor harmless words have been metamorphosed into such hard names as

“ Amaze th’ unlearned, make the learned smile.”

Yet it may be some consolation to the English reader, to find that the facetious Quinbus Flestrin, the Lilliputian poet, and the celebrated Mr. Glover, the classical author of *Medea*, have both made use of the *same* CRÆTIC measure.

The characteristic of the antients is simplicity, and, in the elegant construction of their fable, they have hitherto stood unequalled. Struck with their beauties, but not blind to their errors, or implicitly attached to follow them in all their *modes* of tragedy, the sublime and pathetic author of the following piece, has improved upon his masters; and has written, if I may be allowed the expression, not according to the letter, but the spirit of those great originals.

It is easy to perceive that our author has an intimate acquaintance with the Greek stage; and the tragedy before us has a particular resemblance with the *Cædipus Coloneus* of Sophocles.

In the Greek poet the subject is the death of Œdipus, foretold indeed by an oracle, and of which he is to be forewarned by certain signs and omens.

For know, the God
Who 'gainst unhappy Œdipus denounced
Unnumber'd woes, foretold that here at last
I should have rest, within this hallow'd grove,
These hospitable shades, and finish here
A life of mis'ry: — — —

— — — — —
This he promis'd to confirm
By signs undoubted; thunder, or the sound
Of dreadful earthquake, or the lightning's blaze
Launch'd from the arm of Jove.

FRANKLIN'S SOPHOCLES.

In Mr. KLOPSTOCK, the death of Adam is pronounced by an angel, the time of his dissolution ascertained, and the dreadful omens which are to accompany it foretold.

— O man, of earth created,
Hear thy Creator's will: before the sun
Shall to the forest of the cedars slope
His course declining, "Thou shalt die the death."

P R E F A C E.

The death which waits thy race, shall sometimes fall
 Like sleep upon them ; sometimes be agony
 Distorting : for thee, Thou shalt die the death.
 At that last moment, thou shalt surely know
 My near approach ; o'er these same rocks my steps
 Shall thunder ; I will shake them horrible
 To their foundations deep : thy faculties
 Of sight shall all be daz'd.—Thou shalt see nought ;
 But the huge rock's convulsive shake, with noise
 Like thunder's crash, shall burst upon thine ear
 Ere the sun shall reach the forest of the cedars.

In Sophocles the unhappy king is banish'd from
 his throne, and turned an outcast from his country,
 by his children and subjects ; a distressed, fightless
 wanderer, who has left to his sons the dreadful in-
 heritance of a bloody inveterate war, and the hor-
 rible maledictions of an injured parent. Here the
 father of mankind, driven from the seat of happi-
 ness, condemned to labour, pain, and death, trans-
 mits that curse, which he has pulled upon himself,
 to all posterity.

Oedipus, stung with their cruelty and ingratitude,
 in the bitterness of anguish curses his own children.
 Adam blesses his, and whilst he is dying sheds tears
 of blood for the miseries which his disobedience had

entailed upon them. The first is supported in the day of his death by his two daughters, Antigone and Ismene, who endeavour to give him comfort and assistance in the midst of his sorrows. The latter, unwilling to encrease the distress of his family by so humiliating a spectacle, chuses his best beloved son Seth, to impart to him alone all his secrets and afflictions, and expire in his arms. Both Œdipus and Adam are shocked, by an interview, for the last time, with their unnatural son; which Œdipus consents to at the request of Theseus, and Adam from a thorough resignation to the will of God.

THESEUS.

A man they say,
Who boasts himself by blood allied to thee,
At Neptune's altar, while I sacrific'd,
In humblest posture stood.

ŒDIPUS.

What could it mean?
Whence came he?

THESEUS.

That I know not; this alone
They told me, suppliant he requested much
To talk a-while with thee.

PREFACE.

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ŒDIPUS.

With me! 'tis strange,
And yet methinks important.

THESEUS.

He desired
But to converse with thee, and then depart.

ŒDIPUS.

Who can it be?

THESEUS.

Hast thou no friend at Argos,
None of thy kindred there who wish'd to see thee?

ŒDIPUS.

No more my friend.

THESEUS.

What say'st thou?

ŒDIPUS.

Do not ask me.

THESEUS.

Ask what —

ŒDIPUS.

I know him now: I know too well
Who's at the altar.

THESEUS.

Who is it?

ŒDIPUS.

My son;
That hateful son, whose voice I loath to hear.

THESEUS.

But why not hear him? still thou mayst refuse
What he shall ask.

ŒEDIPUS.

I cannot, cannot bear it.
Do not oblige me.

&c. &c.

Let the reader compare this scene with the second scene in the second act, and he will find that the German poet is every way equal to his model, and proves the strength of his invention, even while we perceive his imitation. As the

P R E F A C E.

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tragedies of Sophocles are now in the hands of the English reader; translated by a very masterly hand, he may pursue the parallel between our German and the Grecian at his leisure; and, should the translations be equal, he will perhaps always like that the best which he reads last.

P E R -

P E R S O N S.

ADAM.

EVE.

CAIN.

SELIMA.

SETH.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

EMAN.

**Three mothers, who bring
their sons to Adam.**

SUNIM.

SCENE, A BOWER,

**At the bottom of which is ADAM's dwelling, and
the altar of ABEL.**

THE
DEATH OF ADAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

SELIMA and SETH.

SELIMA.

HAIL happy day! sacred to wedded love!
How pure and calm shines out thy chearful light!
What happiness, surpassing all the joys
My childish years have known, I taste this day!
To view the labours of the virgin train
Which deck my bridal bow'r, our mother Eve
Hastes all delighted, and with hand maternal
Entwines the clust'ring foliage. I mean-time
Come forth to gather fruits of taste delicious,
Which I have plac'd upon the tender grass,
That so my brethren and my sisters, from
The nuptial bow'r returning, may relieve
Their toil with exquisite repast; around
The ready fruits I've set the luscious grape;
The sweetest shall be Eman's; for his taste

B

Alone I pluck'd it, and have strew'd it o'er
 With shelt'ring leaves yet glist'ning with the dew.
 O happiness sincere! the virtuous Eman
 Deigns to make me his choice; yes Eman loves me.
 When the bright sun shall slope his western course
 Beneath th' horizon, then, for the first time,
 Shall Adam's daughters bring their infant sons
 Of three years growth, unto their genial fire,
 That he may bless them; that holy office done,
 Th' enraptur'd father, with a heart-felt joy,
 Shall lead us to the bow'r, and nuptial bed —
 My brother! why that downcast look of care?
 Why fades the smile upon thy lips?

S E T H.

O Selima!

The thought of thy approaching happiness
 Fills all thy brother's social breast; that thought
 Possesses me entire; and wherefore then
 Seem I to thee to wear the brow of grief?

S E L I M A.

Alas! you answer in a tone of voice,
 Spite of yourself betraying secret woe.

S E T H.

Know I a secret I'd conceal from thee?
 —It shall be so.—I had resolv'd indeed,

To mourn in silence; —but my own frank nature,
 Thy tears, thy grief, and soft anxiety,
 Have wrench'd it from me. Yet, dearest sister,
 Let not this sorrow overwhelm thy soul.
 —Thou know'st how tenderly I love my father—
 Alas! while at the entrance of the bow'r
 Thy fond regards pursued our mother Eve,
 I saw him prostrate at the altar's foot
 Which Abel rais'd. Distress, and grief extreme,
 O'erspread his visage; and his troubled mind
 Seem'd labouring with uncommon weight of woe.
 —But without cause perhaps my tenderness
 Alarms me, and creates fantastic fears.

SELIMA.

Shall I go see him? With endearment kind
 I'll hang upon him, press his hands with mine,
 I'll look upon him with the looks of love
 And filial duty, I'll beseech, conjure him,
 To master all his woes. —O my dear brother!
 Alas! what means that sudden gush of tears,
 That course each other down your manly cheek?
 —Something of greater woe remains untold.

SETH.

Ah me! my sister, why from thy lov'd bow'r
 Linger thy steps so long? —O thou hast rent
 My very soul. My resolution faints;

And to conceal the secret in my breast,
 I strive in vain;—already it escapes me.
 —Ne'er did my eyes, O Selima, behold
 My father such as he appears to-day.
 He pass'd me near; and all his countenance
 Seem'd faded. A dire paleness overspread it;
 His footsteps totter'd, and with efforts weak,
 He scarcely dragg'd his trembling limbs along.
 His eyes were fix'd immoveable on me,
 And yet he saw me not; he enter'd strait,
 And to the altar urg'd his feeble way.
 I heard him pray aloud; I saw him tremble
 With horror's agony; his struggling words,
 Choak'd up with grief in frequent broken sighs,
 Scarce forc'd a passage.—Since you came here,
 I have not heard him.—'Twas your request, and I
 Have nought concealed;—but listen, Selima,
 Dost thou not hear his steps? 'Tis he; this way
 The fire of men approaches.

S C E N E II.

ADAM, SETH, SELIMA.

ADAM.

What sight is this?
 My son! my daughter! Seth with Selima! [Aside.
 This is a day of darkness and of terror;

O F A D A M

To you it will be golden, Selima;
Go seek your mother, and, with her delighted,
Cull flowrets sweet to deck thy fragrant bow'r,
And dress thee gaily for thy nuptial day.
Tell her, 'tis I command it; and moreover,
That in submission to thy father's will,
Thou wilt forbear the customary rites
Of pairs new wedded for this day.

SELIMA.

O father!

I obey.

SCENE II.

A D A M. S E T H.

A D A M.

Excellent child! dear Selima!

She has indeed a soul of virtue.

Saw'st thou not, son, when thus compell'd to leave me,

What tendernefs and care unutterable

Her looks, her gestures spake?—May righteous heav'n

Pour down its choicest gifts of blessings on her!

—O my son! the time, the moment is at hand,

When I shall never look upon her more.—

Such as she is to day, in that blest time

Ere heav'n had curst the earth, such then was Eve.

— On her, thou God Almighty, pow'r thy blessings.
 My son, my best of sons, attend my words;
 Thou know'st,—I know thou dost, the pow'r supreme,
 CREATOR of all beings, and revearest his laws.
 Thou art a man, and I dare prove thy virtues:
 Thou shalt know all,—come hither,—nearer yet,—
 Seth! my child! [Embraces him.
 I die to-day.

SETH.

O Adam! O my father!

ADAM.

Dread amazement
 Clogs up expression.—He is silent.—
 How soon shall death, in adamantine silence,
 Close up my mouth, and that for ever! Seth,
 Look up, be more collected; thy sorrow
 Strikes heavily upon me, and I feel my heart
 Already bursting.—With attentive ear
 List to my words; a more tremendous voice
 Will wound thy father's ear, when he shall hear
 The name, the dreadful name of death:—thou alone
 Of all my children wilt behold me die.
 Thou wilt alone perform the last kind office.
 —Yes,—I'm as certain I shall die to-day
 As I was certain of my life, when first
 I rose from earth, and with erected visage

Turn'd up my wond'ring eyes to gracious heav'n.
As at the entrance of my verdant bow'r
I sat, in calm tranquillity reflecting
On the fond loves of Selim and of Eman,
And to secure their blifs by wedded rites,
A sudden shock daz'd all my senses ; — no emotion
Of awful fear, or pang of desperate grief ; —
No, — 'twas th' approach, the sure approach of death :
Death like a torrent rush'd thro' all my veins,
And seem'd to crumble all my bones. To this shock
An universal languor strait succeeded ;
Which, had it lasted, would have chain'd my tongue up
As thine at present ; nor grief found utterance
But in half words, and fobblings inarticulate.
— O Seth, my child, my well-beloved son,
Brother of Abel ! — yet I complain not
Of my lost state ; — Complaint is not for Adam.
— From the dread moment of that fatal shock,
The thought of death immediately possess'd me.
This day, said I, will be my last ; nor yet
Can I shake off the black idea from me ;
It harrows up my soul : — where'er I go,
Fear still pursues me, rushes thro' my veins,
And paints strange fancies to my wand'ring eyes.
But more remains behind, as yet untold.
The sad rememb'rance of a dread event,
To you unknown, now doubles all my woe.

When now th' ETERNAL's terrible decree
Had fixt my doom, and terror's keen sensations
Scarce found a respite ; lo ! before me stood
A spirit sent by God's permissive will,
Th' angel of death ! and with terrific voice
Address'd me trembling thus :—"Remember, Adam,
" Me thou shalt see again ; and in that day
" When thou shalt comprehend thy sentence past,
" I will revisit thee."—O my dear son,
With strange affright I wait this messenger,
More dreadful still, if not announc'd before.
Lift up thy eyes, my child, to gracious heav'n ;
The God, who in his wrath remembers mercy,
Will with the bitter of my sorrows here
Mingle some sweet.—This prediction horrible,
As yet, I know, is not at full accomplish'd ;
As yet, the meaning of those dreadful words
I comprehend not, " Thou shalt die the death."
What torment 'tis, thou wilt be witness of ;
'Tis not mere death appals me ; ages now
Have roll'd, nor ever found me unprepar'd ;
But 'tis the horror of a thing unknown,
That agitates my soul.

S E T H.

Oh my father !

Oh heaven ! will you then die ?

A D A M.

Flesh of my flesh! blood of my blood! my children!
Oh!—with what joy I could remain amongst you.

S E T H.

Stay then, my father, midst your children stay;
Live happy long, nor have a will to die.

A D A M.

Leave me, my child, my soul is link'd to thine;
And all the soft emotions of thy breast
Strike with redoubled force on mine.—Leave me,
And let us, with submissive awe, adore
The judge whose sentence will'd my death.

S E T H.

Prais'd, prais'd be his name;—but, my dear father,
Your children know your tenderness extreme,
And love parental; fear of separation
Makes you regard that sudden shock of nature,
As the fore-runner of approaching death,
Which might arise but from the strength of health,
That health robust which has resisted still,
Vigorous and firm, and flourish'd many ages.

A D A M.

Aside.] How can I answer to such filial love!

Aloud.] O wretched, wretched Adam, perhaps e'en now

Th' angel of death is near me; now perhaps
 He comes in terrors to announce my time,
 The dreadful moment which appals my soul.—
 Thou minister of terrors, dreadful angel,
 Appear not yet, nor with thy fearful aspect
 Shock my best, duteous child.—Seth, my son,
 Behold that shrine, thy brother Abel's altar;
 You see it stain'd with blood:—there turn thy steps,
 Lift up thy hands, thy soul to heav'n; if a day
 A single day be added to my years,
 That day thy pray'rs shall gain.

S E T H.

Father, I obey.

S C E N E IV.

A D A M, *solus.*

He's gone;—but were his pray'rs more fervent still,
 Great God! thou wilt not deign to grant them.
 —What dreadful horrors shake my soul agen!
 The faintness ceases, and o'er all my heart
 Rush wild affright and terrible dismay,
 And in their rear bring death.—I feel it now.—
 As yet, with trembling steps, I walk the earth;
 Soon to be mixt with it agen for ever.
 But should my dearest Eve, my children too;—
 Should they behold my death.—O dreadful thought!

A thousand times more dreadful, than the image
 Of my corrupt and livid body.—Eye,
 My soul's best darling; soft, affectionate
 Companion of creation; thou perhaps
 With me created, with me too shalt die.
 That knowest thou alone, O God supreme,
 Thou whose just vengeance pour'd the wrathful doom,
 Whose rigours I shall straitly undergo.

S C E N E V.

A D A M. S E T H.

A D A M.

My son! return'd already! have thy pray'rs
 With suppliant zeal besought th' almighty God?

S E T H.

My soul ne'er felt such fervency before;
 For O! my thoughts were loaded with distress,
 And horror dwell within me.

A D A M.

Hear me, Seth;

Eve with her daughters,—should they here perchance
 Surprise us,—they would see me die. Go, haste,
 Tell 'em, my child, I mean this day to offer
 Holy sacrifice, and would be alone,

Till the bright sun withdraw his chearful beams;
Beneath the neighb'ring mountains.

SETH.

No, my fire,
I cannot leave thee; from my earliest days,
Thou know'st with filial duty I've obey'd thee.
But now to leave thee in this dreadful time,
Startles imagination with ideas
Fraught with strange horror. — But now thy Selima
Departed from thee, overwhelmed with care,
And plung'd in all the bitterness of woe.
My sorrowing looks, alas! escaped her not.
She wept, and wish'd to know the cause; her tears
Perforce o'ercame me, and I told her all.
Told her the sight these aching eyes beheld,
When I observ'd thee trembling, weak, and pale,
With tott'ring steps approach the sacred altar.

ADAM.

O heav'n! and will they come! — well, — let it be;
My griefs will do their work the sooner.

SETH.

I hear
The tread of hasty steps this way approaching;
And see, — 'tis Selima herself.

ADAM.

So soon!

My children! O my children! O father,
Most wretched of all fathers!

S C E N E VI.

ADAM, SETH, SELIMA.

ADAM.

Aside.] Her countenance is sickley'd o'er with death.
How pale she looks! Such was my Abel's hue
When I beheld him at the altar's foot,
Stretch'd wan and lifeless.—O my daughter,
Why are thy looks aghast! Whence all that horror!
Calm thy disturbed soul, my child.

SELIMA.

My father,
If I have swerv'd from duty, nor obey'd
Thy late commands, for pity's sake forgive
Thy daughter. As at thy bidding, forth I went
To join my mother Eve, reflecting oft
On Seth's sad story; quick, as light'ning's blaze,
A shock unfelt before beat at my heart;
My eyes were dimm'd; 'twas darkness all around me,
And all my senses seem'd at once suspended.

When I awoke from this strange sleep, I found
 Myself, unknowing, stretch'd upon the turf.
 — Kind parent, chide me not ; have pity rather,
 If my weak steps ne'er reach'd the bow'r. O fire,
 Comfort the mind of thy distracted Selima ;
 Assuage her griefs.—O speak to me ; shall I now
 Pluck freshest leaves ? with filial tender care
 I'll strew them lightly o'er your favourite seat,
 Which in the summer yields you lov'd repose.
 I'll place it in the shade, and there refresh'd,
 You may behold your children gather round you.

ADAM.

Rise, Selima, my dearest daughter, rise ;
 Calm your distress ; — but leave us now alone.
 I have, of import, much to talk with Seth.
 Our bow'r of late I noted ; — it wants dressing.
 The straggling vine curls not its tendrils round
 Yon spreading elm, which asks thy gentle care.
 Go, my dear child, it is my favourite tree ;
 The goodliest of the place. Go, Selima ;
 Be comforted, my child.

S C E N E VII.

ADAM, SETH, THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

ADAM.

A little while,

And these fond eyes shall ne'er behold her more.
Thou know'st not what I feel, my son; how sorely
This deep affliction tugs at my heart-strings.
She too, my Selima, that lovely flow'r,
Just in its spring of days, shall wither,
Reft of its bloom, and tumble into dust.
Not she alone;—her children's children too
Shall all return to dust like her. Thou know'st,
And best of all my sons, hast comprehended,
The things I told thee following my creation.
Then, then I died; and all my race of children,
To latest time, shall after me die also.
—I shake with horror.—O grief tormenting!
Distracting thought! which presses down my heart
Like a vast rock. Go, go, my son, and kindly
Pour comfort's balm on thy afflicted sister.
For me, near Abel's altar will I dig
The grave shall hold my frail mortality.

SETH.

No, no, my fire, I will not, cannot, leave thee;
 Thou shalt not dig thy grave; in his great name
 Who rules omnipotent, I do conjure thee,
 O my dear father, dig not thy own grave.

ADAM.

Here Abel rests, and I will rest with him.
 Or had you rather, son, behold this body
 Corruption's prey, and crumbling into worms
 Before your eyes.

SETH.

O most tremendous God!
 To what dire proofs hast thou reserv'd us!

ADAM.

Now, now,—horror, affright, stalk from their thrones,
 And compass me on all sides; I cannot
 Look upon thee, son; my eyes turn backward;
 And,—O heav'n! what dire convulsive shock
 Shakes all my bones and nerves together! O day
 Of darkness, day of horror! hear'st thou, son,
 The rocks from all their deep foundations tremble.
 —Hither he bends his way; —tow'rds us he strides; —
 Thou hear'st him;—hark! —the hill which near the
 bow'r

Rises aloft, shakes terrible : — already
 Th' angel of death hath stopt : — thou seest him, son ;
 Dost thou not, child ? *[The stage is darken'd.*

SETH.

Encompass'd all around,
 With gloomy horrors and the shades of night,
 I nought perceive ; but listen all attention.

ADAM.

Hear me then ; hear the dreadful angel.
 — Minister of terrors, I perceive thee now.
 Angel of death, exterminating angel,
 Behold me here.

ANGEL OF DEATH.

O man, of earth created,
 Hear thy Creator's will : before the sun
 Shall to the forest of the cedars slope
 His course declining, " Thou shalt die the death."
 The death which waits thy race, shall sometimes fall
 Like sleep upon them ; sometimes be agony
 Distorting : for thee, thou shalt die the death.
 At that last moment, thou shalt surely know
 My near approach ; o'er these same rocks my steps
 Shall thunder ; I will shake them horrible
 To their foundations deep ; thy faculties
 Of sight shall all be daz'd. — Thou shalt see nought,

D

But the huge rock's convulsive shake, a noise,
Like thunder's crash, shall burst upon thy ear,
Ere the sun reach the forest of the cedars.

[Angel disappears.]

A D A M.

O dreadful angel! tell th' eternal judge,
My great Creator, I adore his laws,
And all submissive to his holy will,
In duteous awe await my final doom.
But oh conjure him, for his mercy's sake,
To spare me in this agony.

S E T H.

O my father!
I will die with thee; wherefore should we part?
O whither goest thou?

A D A M.

To adore my God.

S C E N E VIII.

S E T H alone.

O sorrow, past all sorrows, inexpressible!
O how it rends my heart, and drags it down
E'en to my father's grave. O thou the first,
Best of all fathers, father of all children

Which on their mother's breast repose, and of
Our children's children to the latest time.
—But mine, alas, will ne'er behold those locks,
Silver'd with reverend age; O day of death!
Day of my father's death, thou comest also
Precipitated thus, with all thy terrors,
To prove, if with religious awe I fear,
I reverence the Eternal. I'll go with Adam;
With him fall prostrate at the altar's foot.
This trembling hand too, if its weaken'd pow'rs
Deny not the sad office, shall assist
To dig his grave.—His grave! my father's grave!
—Ere the sun reach the forest of the cedars.—
O word of horror! dreadful pow'r of God!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

ADAM. SETH.

ADAM. [*Leaning upon the altar before his grave.*]

HOW dreadful looks this earth, my son! no more
That fertile earth, which I of late beheld
O'erspread with roses, or in whose deep bosom
The branching cedars struck fantastic root.
Here must I render up my body, I
Made by the hand of God himself, to dust;
I who was born not of a mortal woman!
I feel the fatal moment not far off.
My eyes grow dim, my arm trembles unnerv'd,
My feet forget their office, and my breath
Labours incessant. Death's cold hand is on me,
And o'er my body, throughout all its folds,
Stamps its own seal. I feel, alas! I feel,
By all the heaviness about my heart,
By this strange chilness which benumbs my veins,
Now, now I die the death,—for 'tis no more that sleep
Which locks up all the senses for a time
In sweet refreshment.—Now, while I speak,
Darkness falls thicker on my eyes, and horror

Spreads an universal night before me.
Come, come my child, or ere this world to me
Shal' be no more, fain, fain would I profit
Of that dull glimmering light which yet remains,
And cast once more my last sad looks
On more extensive space than this my grave.
Open the bow'r, and on that side which looks
Tow'rds Eden's garden, let these eyes once more
Contemplate that delightful spot; once more
O let me breathe the chearful air of life.

SETH.

Yonder are Eden's mountains.

ADAM.

Alas! my child,
I see them not. The sun perhaps, with clouds,
Is darken'd o'er.

SETH.

The clouds are thick; yet shade not
All the sun's brightness.

ADAM.

From the cedar's forest,
Seems it far distant yet?—but tell me not,
That I shall know full soon.

THE DEATH

SETH.

Behold those clouds;
See how he hides his beams.

ADAM.

Alas! my son;
When in meridian glory he shall shine;
When he shall glow with purer radiance—
—'Tis past. I never shall behold it more.
Return we to the grave; there will I fix
My eyes.— Lend me thy hand; support me, son.

SETH.

Ah, my father!

ADAM. [*Looking towards Eden.*]

O ye happy plains,
Ye lofty mountains, where a thousand springs
Rise; and, with streams luxurious, pour down
The steep declivities; ye vales eternal,
With cooling shades and laughing verdure crown'd;
Ye numerous plants, that, to the docile foot
Of traveller, bow your low heads, and ye
Who proudly thrust your summits in the skies;
Ye blest delicious plains, once held so dear;
Where, in such sweet tranquillity, my days

Pass'd finless; where I beheld, delighted,
My children all, with thousand other beings,
Throng round about me.—Garden of Eden!
Seat of delights! my gushing tears, perforce,
Burst forth when I remember all thy bliss.

O sacred place! I will no more profane thee
By these my tears. This day, this last to me,
I bid a sad farewell; farewell for ever.

Alas! thy fair abodes shall still preserve
The trace of evils, which th' Eternal's curse
On thee, on me pronounc'd.—Let us depart,
My son; my feeble sight can scarce discern
Distinctly ought, nor from the river's stream
Knows the firm earth. Ah me, what torment then
Shall inly rend my torn and bursting heart,
When these sad eyes, of light entire bereft,
Shall know this best of sons no more?—But see,
My words appal him, and he shakes with horror;
I'll strive to give him courage.—Son, my child,
I fear th' approach of Selima; the sight
Of her affliction were a shock indeed.

S E T H.

Father, I will not smother ought. I saw
Destruction and despair prey on my sister.
Her steps at hazard rov'd; but now she sought
The bow'r impatient: soon she enter'd there.

A D A M.

Thinkst thou, from her I can conceal this state
Of wretchedness? Bear I the marks of death?
Appear they on my countenance? Thou turn'st
Thine eyes averse.

S E T H.

Thy words affright me, father,
And wound my inmost soul. A horrid paleness
Dims all thy face. I saw not Abel die;
But I beheld of late, to you unknown,
A child expire in life's just opening bloom.

A D A M.

Then I shall find another of my sons
With Abel. How many of my children
Have died their deaths to me unknown! But tell me,
Tell me, my son, of him thou sawst expire:
Fear'd he the Lord Almighty?

S E T H.

His meek soul
Was spotless; upon his countenance death
Impress'd no horrors; whilst a heav'nly smile,
In his last moments, spake a tranquil mind.
Yet, dead! alas! my eyes, aghast, turn'd from
The shocking spectacle.—My fire.—Lo! Selima.

A D A M.

Ah me! most wretched of all fathers! Sunim,
My youngest born, hath disappear'd; and search,
Alas, is made in vain.—Perhaps he lives not.

S C E N E II.

A D A M, S E T H, S E L I M A.

S E L I M A.

Father, against your orders I return,
Imploring your paternal goodness; lift!
O I conjure you deign to lift!—A man,—
His like I ne'er beheld,—prouls round the bow'r,
Menaces me, and would confer with you.
E'en yet I stand dismay'd—Beyond a doubt,
In other regions there exists a race
Of men, who're not thy children;—no, 'tis certain,
This is no son of Adam.

A D A M.

What's his air,
And what his features, say!

S E L I M A.

His stature's tall,
Dreadful his air, and from his hollow eyes

E

He rolls confusion and dismay; his limbs
 Are cover'd with a shining speckled hide;
 And in his hand he bears a massy club,
 Knotted all o'er: his face is pale and sun-burnt;
 But ah! his paleness is not like to yours.
 O father, O father!

A D A M.

Was his forehead bare?

S E L I M A.

Scarce durst I cast my fearful looks upon him;
 Yet on his forehead I descried a sign,—
 Such as I can't describe;—I know not what,
 Of terrible and dreadful.

A D A M.

It is Cain;

O Seth, 'tis Cain. The Lord hath sent him now,
 To render death more bitter to me. Go!
 Go Seth, and see if it be true that God
 Hath sent him; tell him to depart in peace.
 Tell him to fly my presence!—but if still
 He will appear before me, let him come.—
 'Tis God who sends him; I have well deserv'd it.
 Cover the altar, that the guiltless blood
 Of his poor brother, whom he massacred,
 Wound not his eyes!

S C E N E III.

ADAM, SELIMA.

SELIMA.

My father, Why that pit
Just dug at foot of th' altar?

ADAM.

O my child!
Didst never see a grave?

SELIMA.

A grave? my father!

ADAM. [*Apart.*]

O day too bitter! Cain will soon approach,
And Selima is here.

SELIMA.

O answer me!

Say, is my father angry with his Selima?
Alas! there was a time, wherein you deign'd
To call me your dear Selima.

ADAM.

Still most dear;
Still my beloved child.

SELIMA.

You said but now,
That Cain was come to render death more bitter;
Alas! I scarce can breathe; my voice too fails:
Ah, my dear father, mean you now to die?

ADAM.

Grieve not, my daughter, death is due to all:
From dust we came, and shall to dust return.
So God himself hath order'd, and you know it.
Long time before those eyes of yours, my child,
Were open'd on the light, had hoary age
Whiten'd my locks.—But Cain—

SĒLIMA.

O father, father, [*Embracing his knees.*]
By your paternal tenderness, by that
Love which you once bore Abel, and which now
Eman and Seth partake; by those dear babes
Who shall to-day take blessings from your hand,
Live, I conjure you; O, my father, live!
Do not die yet.

A D A M.

O daughter of my heart,
Arise; behold them here!

S C E N E IV.

A D A M, C A I N, S E T H, S E L I M A.

C A I N.

Is't Adam that I see?
Adam, thou wert not wont to turn so pale
At sight of men; thy crime hath render'd wretched.

A D A M.

Hold, I conjure thee! look on that young girl,
Whose eyes o'erflow with tears: respect her grief,
Nor stain with blasphemies her innocence.

C A I N.

Her innocence! Has that remain'd on earth,
Since Adam has had children?

A D A M.

Selima,
Retire; and Seth in due time shall recal you.

THE DEATH

SCENE V.

ADAM, CAIN, SETH.

ADAM.

Cain!

Why hast thou disobey'd me? Why return'd
To this abode of peace?

CAIN.

Inform me first,
Who's he has brought me now before you?

ADAM.

Seth;
My second son.

CAIN.

Insult me not with pity!
I ask for none. He is thy third son, Adam.
—I am now come to take full vengeance on thee.

SETH.

Inhuman! Wouldst thou then, with thy own hands,
Murder thy father?

C A I N. [*To Seth.*]

Long e'er thou wast born,
I was already wretched.—Let us talk;
Father, I mean not to attempt your life.

A D A M.

And what's the injury you would revenge?

C A I N.

The injury of having given me life.

A D A M.

My first born child, does that excite your vengeance?

C A I N.

Yes,—I'll revenge the murder I committed;
I'll revenge Abel's murder; he whose blood
Goes up to heav'n, and cries for vengeance on me;
I will revenge myself, for that I am
The most unhappy of all children born;
And of all such as shall be born hereafter.
Sunk with the weight of guilt and misery,
An outcast and a wanderer, every where
I bear my steps, and find no rest on earth;
Without a hope of finding it in heav'n.
That, that's my cause of vengeance.

ADAM.

Ere I first

Commanded you to come no more before me,
Thy mouth an hundred times hath vomited
The same reproaches, which I've often answer'd.
But never did your words or ravings strike
So near upon my heart, as on this day,
Most cruel and most dreadful of my life.

CAIN.

I was ne'er satisfied with those your answers.
But if perchance to-day, the force of truth
Strikes deeper on the soul, believe not that
My vengeance shall stop there.—O sole amends
For all the woes I suffer, great revenge,
Whose flame consumes me! Many an age I've sworn it,
I'll satiate thee,—and now thy hour is come.

SETH.

Wretch! if thy fury has not dimm'd thy eyes,
Cast but a look on those grey hairs.—

CAIN.

And what

Are they to me? I am the most unhappy
Of all his children: he gave me that life

Which now I drag in mis'ry, and I will
Punish him home for't. Nought I see, or feel,
But my own wretchedness and my despair.
I will have vengeance.

ADAM. [*To Seth.*]

Our dread judge hath sent him.
How wilt have vengeance on me? [*To Cain.*]

CAIN.

I will curse thee.

ADAM.

O son! this is too much; curse not thy father!
Now in the name of mercy, and that pardon
For which you still may hope, I do conjure thee,
Curse not thy father Adam!

CAIN.

I will curse thee.

ADAM.

Come hither then, and I'll point out the place
Where you may launch your malediction on me.
Come, follow me!—look there!—thy father's grave!
There, curse him there!—I am to die to-day:
Th' angel of death appear'd to tell my fate.

CAIN.

And what's that altar?

SETH.

O Cain, O most sinful

And most unhappy of mankind! that altar

Is Abel's altar; look upon the blood

Wherewith 'tis stained: it is thy brother's blood.

CAIN.

See!—from the bosom of the black abyss,

Anger and fury raise their crests against me!

—That altar; Oh! that fatal altar there,

Crushes me like a rock:—where am I?—where

Is Adam?—Adam, lend an ear!—My curse

Begins to fall upon thee on this day;

This day, thy last: Oh, may thy agony

Be all made up of fear, despair, and horror;

The agony of agonies!—The dread image

Of vile corruption still be present.—

ADAM.

Hold!

My first-born son! O hold! appalling sentence

Of death denounced! now first I comprehend

Thy awful meaning! cease, my son; Oh cease

To aggravate my grief and my misfortunes.

CAIN.

Ah wretch ! What have I done !—Pve shed the blood
 Of my own father.—Ha !—Where am I ?—Who
 Will snatch me from this horrid place ? O who
 Will plunge me headlong down the dark abyfs ?
 —But I behold my father.—Is it he ?
 Is it a shadow ? Is't a phantom ? Oh,
 My father, turn those looks away.—Ah who
 Will drag me far, far from thee ? [*Excit raving.*]

S C E N E VI.

ADAM. SETH.

ADAM.

His dread cries,
 Have struck ev'n to the bottom of my soul ;
 Follow him, Seth. Alas ! he too's my son.
 Go, tell him he has not committed ought
 Of violence against me, and his rage
 I pardon ; above all, take special heed
 Not to recal it to his memory,
 That this day is the day wherein I die.

F

S C E N E VII.

ADAM. [*Solus.*]

What is the conflict then this day I feel?
 My mis'ry's at its height, and I am calm.
 O torments, which already I've endur'd,
 Can you grow stronger at approach of death?
 If so, thou deadly calm, in thy dull sleep
 Wrap all my faculties, chain up my senses,
 And, like a victim to the altar brought,
 Crown'd with fresh garlands, lead me to the grave.
 O grave, which silence and her sister death
 Inhabit, like a worn-out traveller,
 Thou shalt receive me to thy cold dank bosom,
 Thence never to return.—And thou, blest soul,
 Soul of my child, my Abel, in this hour
 Wand'rest, perhaps, around thy father's grave.—
 If thou wert present, my beloved son,
 When God Almighty, in his just decree,
 Charg'd the dread angel to announce aloud,
 My hour of death: O come before my soul
 When it shall hover o'er my trembling lips,
 And these dim eyes fall fightless dark for ever.
 O Abel! Oh, how different thy death
 From mine! all bath'd in blood, thou heav'dst but thrice
 A parting groan, and then thy death was sleep.

S C E N E VIII

A D A M. S E T H.

S E T H.

Cain, I o'ertook, my father;—stretch'd at length
I found him on the ground. As from afar
He saw me, strait he rais'd his head, and cry'd
Aloud, I die.—O bring me of that stream
A little draught to quench the thirst that burns me.
Instant I drew him water; gave it him;
He drank, refresh'd:—and then I told him all
As you commanded:—strait he started up,
And fix'd at once his steady eyes on me:
—It seem'd he would have wept, but could not;
Then cry'd at length,—yes,—he is my father;—
He pardons me:—well,—heav'n so pardon him.

A D A M.

It is enough, my son.

S E T H.

To me, my fire,
Thou seemst more calm.

THE DEATH

ADAM.

And, trust me, so I am.

SETH.

The cause I know not, but within me too
 Tranquillity revives; say, Is it faintness?
 Is it a power supernatural,
 Which now sustains me?

ADAM.

Let us prove, my son,
 If this serenity hath taken root
 Deep in the soul, or if its falsely flatt'ring;
 Answer me, Seth;—as thou returnedst hither,
 Didst thou behold the sun?

SETH.

'Twas half o'erspread
 With clouds, and more than half its course it hath
 Perform'd already.

ADAM.

Already! O my son,
 Look up;—grow the clouds light, and fade away?
 Comes thy dear mother here?—Agen, agen,
 This deadly sorrow preys upon my soul.

Wretched, if I behold her looks agen;
More wretched still, to see that face no more.
—Shall I send for her?—Shall I shut the bow'r
Against her, and preclude her from all entrance?

SETH.

The clouds still thicken, and my eyes as yet
See not her footsteps hitherways advance.

ADAM.

What can I do?—to thy eternal will,
O pow'r supreme, who rulest the radiant sun,
Who didst thyself commission thy dread angel
T'announce my death, I bow all lowly;
Thy will be done.—My child, my eldest born;
For Cain hath curs'd me; Abel is no more;
When thou shalt bow beneath the weight of age,
And thy white locks be silver'd o'er by time,
The children of my children, and their race,
Shall gather round thee, and bespeak thee thus.
Thou who didst see our father Adam die,
Tell us the words which in his last sad moments
Our general parent spake;—and thou, alas!
Tormenting thought! shalt answer thus; on me,
Just at the fatal moment of his death
Leaning, all woe—begone, he cry'd.—My children,
That curse, that dreadful curse which follows me,

Hang's o'er ye all; and I, your father, I
Have pull'd it on ye.—The just eternal pow'r,
Which from the first created me immortal,
Placed life and death before me, with free-will
To chuse.—Fool that I was! I grasp'd at more,
More than immortal fought to be, and chose
Death!—But hark!—What is't I hear? the mountains
Send hideous cries, and echo loud lamentings.
Distress stalks o'er the vale beneath.—See, see
The father.—Sight of horror, fight distracting!
Buries his daughter, and the desperate mother
For her own son prepares the grave;—and there
Children attend their mother to the tomb.—
Mark! how yon widow round the ghastly corpse
Of her lov'd husband, clings disconsolate;—
And see a sister, with her social tears,
Bedews a brother's tomb;—and there a friend,
O'er his half-self, scatters the mould'ring dust.
The plighted wife, here digs the grave for him
Her vows were plighted to.—O children, children,
If ye behold my grave, turn not your eyes,
Nor o'er my ashes, and my memory, heap
Your dreadful curses:—let rememb'rance rather
Of this your wretched father, let the sight
Of this his grave, awaken all your pity.
Will ye refuse me that, which God made man,
The day spring from on high, and glad salvation

To all mankind shall not refuse?—He, he
Will have pity on me.—Tell them, my son,
But for a blest Redeemer, I had been
Crush'd with the weight of death, and in the fight
Of my Creator, a mere, mere nothing.

[He sits upon the altar, near the grave.]

SETH.

See, his head droops; his eyes are closed;—alas!
He dies.—O Adam, O my father, yet
Breath'st thou this air.

ADAM.

Leave me;—e'en in the midst
Of death's attacks, I feel, I know not what,
Of pleasing languor steal upon my soul.—
Ah me, this sleep will be my last.

SETH.

How sudden
Falls the calm sleep upon him! his eyes are
Clos'd in sweet tranquillity:—let me,
With pious reverence, shroud that aged head.
No good old man, thou best of fathers, I
Will not pour curses on thy memory.—Ha,
What is't I see—The sun almost hath reach'd
His course.—O sight distracting!—what's this too?

G

My mother! — but alone she comes not ever,
Her children always throng about her steps.

— 'Tis she, — 'tis she herself; — burst, burst my heart.
Crush'd down to earth with my own weight of griefs,
Shall I yet feel more agonizing pain?

I will retire to recollect my strength,
And steel my bosom for this last dread shock.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

EVE, *on one side.* SELIMA, *on the other.*

SELIMA.

BEHOLD! my mother comes,—alas! my fears!
I cannot bear to look upon her now.

EVE.

What means this solitude? this silence dread!
Where is my Adam? where my duteous Seth?
Where shall I find my Selima? where are they?
Now let them come to share a mother's joy.
O day of transport, unexpected bliss!
For now I am the happiest of all mothers.

S C E N E II.

SETH. EVB.

SETH. [*Without being seen by his mother.*]

O grief extreme, anguish ineffable,
Write not your marks upon my visage now,

—Ye pow'rs divine, now in this hour of need
Endue my soul with more than common strength,
That I may bear this shock.

EVE.

Behold my Seth.

Oh my lov'd son, I am of mothers sure
Most blest. Where, where is Adam? lead me to him.
No joy, no transports, ere can equal mine.

SETH.

My father sleeps.

EVE.

Where sleeps he?—I will wake him,
That I may tell him all, and share my bliss.

SETH.

He clos'd his eyes but now.—Oh! I conjure thee,
Wake him not, mother; for some moments yet
Let him enjoy the calmness of repose.

EVE.

No, I will haste; I'll wake him instantly.—
O happiness! O transport!

SETH.

Good mother,

Once more break not his sleep. It is not I,
 'Tis Adam fues, and by his special order
 I do intreat it of you.

EVE.

Well, let it be;—

His sleep will not be long, and he will wake
 To joys exceeding utterance. Adam,
 I'm sure, will soon awake.—My son, my son,
 I've found thy youngest brother; Sunim's found.
 Long time, you know, we have bewail'd his loss.
 Bewilder'd in the defart's pathless way,
 He sought in vain to reach some brother's bow'r.
 A miracle has sav'd his life, and 'tis
 A miracle hath brought him hither; but
 He shall tell his father all, and in his ear
 Pour joyful tidings.—Oh, my lov'd Sunim!
 Beats not his breast with quick sensations now?
 Does he not long to see, t'embrace his father?
 —But I've withheld him yet.—With the three mothers
 Who here conduct their infant progeny,
 Young blossoms of fair hopes, my Sunim comes.
 Then will I fill the measure of my joys,
 And to the nuptial bow'r conduct my Selima.

Who could divine, my Sunim should return
To bear the torch before you, my lov'd children.

SETH.

O thou most tender, most belov'd of mothers.

EVE.

But wherefore all these heavy looks of woe?
Why mix ye not your social joys with mine?

SETH.

Think it not grief, but admiration, mother,
Which paints my looks; a thousand different thoughts
Work in my mind, and I am all amazement.

EVE.

See, where the mothers haste:—come, let me run;
I will awaken Adam.

SETH. [*Apart.*]

Wretched Eve!

You seek him there in vain.

EVE.

Where is he then?

Where sleeps he?

SETH.

Near that altar,—there.

EVE.

By Abel's altar?

SETH.

Yes,—he there, himself
Hath chose his place of rest:—there he will sleep.

SCENE III.

EVE. [*Lifting up the veil before the altar.*]

EVE.

Will not that altar wake his griefs afresh,
And feed remembrance of his Abel's death?
—How's this, my son? his face is cover'd.—Ha!
What means that earth dug up? Has Adam fought
His son's remains? Alas! that cruel fight
Will wound him e'en to death. My child, my Seth!
Thou answer'st not;—speak to thy mother, son.—

SETH.

That which thou look'st on, mother, is—a grave.

EVE.

Cover those bones, my child; wound not my fight
With my son's bones:—alas, I cannot bear it.

SETH.

They are not here.

EVE.

Ah me! they're fall'n to dust.
—Alas, my son, thy father sleeps in pain.
See his breast heaves.—O God! his hands are stain'd
With a wan livid hue.

SETH. [*Looking towards the sun.*]

So near already
The cedar forest!—O my dear mother,
I can refrain no more;—'tis Adam's grave.
Behold, it is my father's grave:—before
The sun hath pass'd the forest of the cedars,
Adam shall surely die.—Himself hath seen
Th' angel of death;—I too have heard him.
—He will return, he will return, my mother,
That rock shall all be rent, and then—

[*Eve faints at the side of the altar.*][*Adam wakes, and uncovers his face.*]

ADAM.

O sleep!

How dreadful art thou now! thou wilt be sure
More soft, and less disturb'd with horrid fears,
When in that grave I close these eyes for ever.—
What hast thou done, my child? why hast thou brought
My Selima?—Be comforted, my child,
Thy mother Eve lives yet.

EVE.

I, I am she:

If thou canst tell the accents of a voice
Trembling and faint with grief, O hear me Adam;
I am not Selima.

ADAM.

O death! whose power

Will strike me soon;—now, now I feel indeed,
Thy horrors all.

SETH. [*Embracing his knees.*]

Doeft thou then die, my father?

ADAM.

Hath the rock trembled yet?

H

SETH.

Not yet.

EVE.

My son,
Support my steps; conduct me to thy father.
—Dost thou not know me, Adam?

ADAM.

By thy voice

Thou shouldst be Eve; but these dim eyes, alas!
Discern not ought of well-known feature now.

EVE.

Hath not the angel join'd my name with thine?
Shall I not die with thee? alas! thou knowest
That hope spake comfort in the days of grief,
And soften'd all my anguish.—Was not I
With thee created?—and must I survive
Thy hour of death? abandon'd! lost! alone!

ADAM.

Thou best, thou dearest of all wives! O thou,
In this dread time, still dearer to my heart;
Eve my belov'd, my part'ner from creation!
These failing eyes cannot behold thee now,

O F A D A M.

55

And only open to pour down their tears.
—Leave me; thy sorrows but embitter mine,
And make e'en death more insupportable.

SETH. [*Afide.*]

Heav'ns! the three mothers too!—behold them here.

ADAM.

What noise is that? who comes this way, my son?

SETH.

Lo! the three mothers hither bend their steps;
Eman comes with them.

S C E N E IV.

ADAM, EVE, SETH.

[*The three mothers, with their children; Sunim on one side, Selima and Eman on the other.*]

SELIMA.

I will join them;
So will I enter too.—

H 2

THE DEATH

EVE.

My child, my Selima,
I'll not be parted from thee; but alas!
I scarce believe it yet.

FIRST MOTHER.

Come hither, Sunim.

SECOND MOTHER.

What is't I see?

THIRD MOTHER.

Is that our father Adam!

ADAM.

Oh my lov'd Seth! Go thou before them, son.

SETH *[To the three Mothers.]*

Turn not your faces thus on me; avert
Those looks;—they mar all pow'r of speech.

*[The first covers her face, the second turns aside,
and the third leans upon her young child.]*

The bitter sorrows I unravel now,
My heart hath been acquainted with too long.
Adam this day, this day shall Adam die.
Before the sun shall to yon cedars slope

His course declining,—he shall die. Th' angel
Of death already hath he seen; agen
That angel shall return; and when the rock,
Which to the bow'r stands neighb'ring, shall be rent,
Adam shall be no more.—There, there's his grave.
—O turn, ye mothers, turn your eyes from thence;
Nor look thus earnest on my father's grave.

A D A M.

What voice is that which strikes upon my ear,
Amid these groans distinguishably loud?
They're not familiar sounds:—they come not
From Eman's voice, nor Selima's; nor yet
From any of the mothers.

S E T H.

O my father,
In thy last moments taste of comfort yet.—
That voice is Sunim's voice;—thy son is found;
Sunim is found.

A D A M.

Alas! full well I know,
In all my life, my Seth hath ne'er deceiv'd me;
Would he deceive me in the hour of death,
And cheat my senses with a gleam of joy?
—My son! my dearest son, for me, alas!
No more of joy remains on earth.

SETH.

My father!

ADAM.

But wherefore then keeps Sunim silence now?

O let me hear his voice.

SETH.

Excess of grief

Choaks up all utterance.

ADAM.

Let him come nearer,

That I may lay my hands upon his hair,

And feel his countenance.

SETH.

Thy child is here.

ADAM. [*To Sunim, who embraces his knees.*]

Yes,—I perceive thee now; thou art my boy.

SUNIM.

I am thy Sunim.

ADAM.

Seek thy mother, child.

EVE. [*To Sunim.*]

Thy brother, rather; for alas! my son,
Thou hast no mother now.

SETH.

O dread decree

Of death pronounc'd;—leave me, my Sunim, now—
I will be with thee soon.—O my father,
Since hopes are now no more, and grief extreme
Hath reach'd its height, I must,—I must inform thee
The sun declines apace, and the tall cedars
Fade on the eye:—Oh father, father, bless us.

ADAM.

The sun already at the cedar's forest!
—Come then, O death, approach; I wait thee now.
—O my lov'd children, how shall I pour forth
My blessings on ye? I! by whose first sin
God's malediction fell on all the earth:—
May your Creator bless you.

ALL.

We conjure thee,
O father, bless us.

[ADAM.]

Blessing is far from me;
 I cannot give it:—Pains unfelt before,
 And thousand deadly thoughts of bitter anguish,
 Crowd on my mind:—e'en now before me rise
 The blest ideas of my early days,
 And form a contrast that o'erwhelms my soul.
 The thought of immortality once more
 Springs on my mind, and makes me shudder.—Ha!
 —Where am I now? 'tis darkness now no more,
 And light returns again but to behold
 The champain vast distain'd with reeking blood.
 Ye ghastly dead, look not with hideous glare
 On me.—I hear your cries, O blood of man!
 Pale murder'd man:—O dreadful, horrid blood,
 Change, change thy purple course, far far from me:
 O may the mountains hide thy stains for ever.
 —See, see! what mother's that? she beats her breast
 All frantic with despair:—her piercing cries
 Ascend to heav'n;—and lo, that infant child,
 Death hangs upon his trembling lips: alas!
 It was her only child.—See mangled limbs,
 And there a trunkless head;—away, away,
 Ye fearful objects hence.—Alas, my children,
 With pity's soft concern behold your father,
 And kindly lead him from those plains of woe.

S E T H.

O gracious heav'n, if these my trembling hands
Lift up to thee, if this my bursting heart,
Which shares each deadly pang, that wrings the breast
Of my dear father Adam —

A D A M.

My son, my Seth,
Art thou so near me, child? I heard thy voice;
—A sudden calmness overspreads my soul.

S E T H.

Eternal pow'rs! He smiles:—Come near him all:—
Haste Eve and Eman, Sunim, Selima,
Come all; and ye, ye mothers too, approach,
And tenderly behold this smile, his last.
Behold us, father, here together all
Collected round thee:—O bless us, bless us!

A D A M.

Come hither, children,—here;—where art thou Seth?—
Come nearer yet, that I may gently lay
My right hand upon thee; and on thy head,
My faithful Eman, let me place this other:
Let Selima join Eman, Sunim Seth.

I

Come hither, mothers; bring your children here,
That Eve, with me, may pour her blessings on you.

[They all kneel.]

EVE. *[Kneeling behind.]*

Let me, O Adam, take thy blessing too.

ADAM.

Eve, my best half, wouldst thou, my partner dear,
That I should bless thee too? Alas, 'tis all
Thy Adam now has left to give thee. Thou,
Mother of nations, shortly after me
Created, after me shalt shortly die.
Behold my grave.

EVE.

O Adam, my lov'd lord!

Thy words I feel are now the words of heav'n.

[She rises and supports Adam.]

ADAM.

I bless you all, my children; and with you,
The children of your children; all mankind.
May God, your father, your creator God,
Who from the earth form'd man, and in that clay
Breath'd an immortal soul; that awful God,

Who oft, with gracious condescension,
Hath deign'd t'appear before me; who himself
Hath blest me, who hath judg'd me; that dread God,
The king of kings, almighty and eternal,
Sweeten the bitter cup of mortal life:
O may the thought of death and dissolution
Serve but to waken, in the humble mind,
The longings after immortality!
May you so taste the blessings of this earth,
As the parch'd trav'ller, at the limpid rill,
Who slacks his thirst, and strait pursues his journey!
May your souls rise above this earthly spot,
Rich in the love of wisdom and of virtue!
And may you all, with humble resignation,
Learn the importance of your labours here,
And reap the price hereafter! Children all
Love one another, for ye all are breth'ren.
And may the general good of social life
Make up your study and delight on earth.
May there be born amongst you men like Seth,
Still to recal your sluggish minds to God;
And when all-gracious God, in his due time,
Shall send amongst you him who shall unlock
The gates of heav'n, that holy blest REDEEMER,
Into whose hands I render up my spirit;
With holy homage lift your eyes to God,

And thank the wisdom that created you;
 Be humble and adore;—yet know, my children,
 Ye are but dust, and shall to dust return.

[A noise is heard.]

SETH.

Hark, the rock shakes!

EVE.

O Adam!

SETH.

Now again
 It shakes, and every shock grows stronger.

ADAM.

My judge, my God, behold me here!—O death,
 O-death, I feel thee now:—I die.

[The rock breaks.]



END OF THE THIRD AND LAST ACT.

my,

card.

death,

breaks.

r.